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EAT UNION POEM.

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# THE MARRIAGE

OF

## ST. LAWRENCE AND MISS ISSIPPI.

H. A. Poe

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PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, 607 SANSOM STREET.

1850?

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## ARGUMENT.

The two greatest rivers of the earth rise in the same neighborhood—Pass along together for some time—Separate—Pursue different courses, one to the East, the other to the South—Lake Superior—Sault St. Mary—Lake Michigan—Lake Huron—Georgian and Saginaw Bays—Lake St. Clair—The Union Forever—Detroit River—Lake Erie—Niagara River—The Rapids—The Cataract—The Ravine—The Whirlpool—The Mirror-face below—The Parting—Lake Ontario—Buncombe and Gammon Politicians—The Separation—Great Speed of the Courser St. Lawrence—The Ottawa River, First Groomsman—The Saguenay River, Second Groomsman—A Firm Union Man—White-headed Old Ocean—The Lone One—The Summons—The Rocky Mountains—The Meeting—The Missouri, First Bridesmaid—The Alleghanies—The Ohio, Second Bridesmaid—The Mississippi Valley—The Mighty Water-Bird—The Boon of Man—The Wheel of Chance—The Gaul—The Frank—The Chain—The Vine—The Arkansas River—Red River—The Discovery by De Soto of the Parent of Waters—His Death and Burial therein—The Battle of New Orleans—Packenham—Jackson—No Saxon that Man—Popular Cant—Horne Tooke—Brown—Scattering of Saxon Sheep—Truly Great Man, that Son of a Celt—John Calf's Sire—Johnny Crapaud—The Mongrels of Ages—The Shoots of Old Carthage—The Romans—The Vandals—The Visigoths—The Moors—The Essence of All, the Sixteenth Century Saxons—Bloody-flagged Bullies—Chips of Ring-Science—Hairy Rag-pickers—No Setting Sun, A Well-sounding

Story—A Different sort of a Truth, A Never Rising Centre  
 —An Assistant Orb—Old Newton—An Astral Sol—Sir  
 Oracle—Don Rodrigo—The Mediterranean—The Land of the  
 Cæsars—The Sun-dried Sons of the South—The Bandits—  
 The Grinders—The Winders—The Artists—The Squallers,  
 Poor in their Line—The Discarded Rudiment—The Septen-  
 ary Alphabet—The Harsh Tongue—The Blower of Good  
 Wind—The Swedish Nightingale—The Keeper of Trade-  
 Driving Shops—A very Ancient Gentleman—A Master of  
 Counterpoint—The Austrian Jackal—The Hun—The Lom-  
 bard—The Grim Russian—Peter—Fritz—Old Schnapps—  
 Jolly Mynheer—Beer-Barrel—Barrel of Beer—Murphy, the  
 Commentator—Old Paddies—Rich Brogue—Still-house of  
 Blarney—Goose-Pond, Killarney—Giant's Causeway—Con-  
 greve Rockets—Whirlwind—Chinaman's Fan—Wonderful  
 Tin Pan—The Arrival—Poor Country—Big Trees—Idle  
 Wind—Yankee Breastwork—Theatrical Thunder, by the  
 Barrel—Rafting the Cataract—A Good Draught—A Bundle  
 of Straw—The Land of the Saints—A Flattened Equator,  
 with a Northern Pole—An Extensive Torpedo—The Andes  
 —The Dead Sea—The Touched-off Fizzing Globe—The  
 Gulf—Dough Faces—Know Nothings—The Great Heart of  
 the Atlantic—A Tideless Sea—Important Inquiry—The  
 Resolve—The Introduction Proposed—The Picture—The  
 Mighty Girdle—Not Canonic for True Saints to Marry—  
 Great Changes—Every Girl does not meet with a Larry—  
 The Waiting—The Start—The Progress—The Tortugas  
 Islands—Florida Reef—Cape Canaveral—Cape Fear—Cape  
 Look Out—Cape Hatteras—Nantucket—Sable Island, passed  
 —Three Thousand Miles Made—St. Lawrence in Sight—  
 Troth Redeemed, and Long Separated United—Voyage to  
 Europe—Misnomer—Mississippi, the Mother of Streams—  
 St. Lawrence, the Father of Waters.

## THE MARRIAGE OF ST. LAWRENCE AND MISS ISSIPPI.

BY H. A. PUE.

IN the midst of the continent known as the Young,  
Two bright, thriving creatures, as neighbors, upsprung;  
Their highlands were one, and their play-grounds the same;  
They seemed of close kin, though they differ'd in name.  
Together they linger'd, together they cours'd;  
Together they murmur'd, as progress they forc'd;  
And onward, and onward, as youth must grow stronger,  
Together they linger'd, a little while longer.  
But Time in his marching, and Fame in her call,  
Proclaim to the world, this truth above all:  
That man in his strivings, his ease must discard,  
Or shame and discomfort will be his reward;  
So urg'd by this motive and waywardness, too,  
They determine some different paths to pursue;  
And Lawrence, the hardy, grown strong in few years,  
"Spreads out" in his coursings, and eastwardly steers;  
Quite soon he becomes a stout, vigorous man,  
And shows he's "Superior," wherever he can.  
He's profound and he's broad,\* not eas'ly "got over;"  
He's a "swell" in his way, though more of a "rover."  
He's cool and collected, most generally so,  
But once in a while he takes part in "a blow."  
He travels on briskly—a little must vary,  
And soon find himself in the Sault of St. Mary;  
Thence onward he dashes, digressing young man,  
But comes to a full stop, in long Michigan.†  
He's well dam'd just here, and obliged to back out;  
He turns to the right, and he takes the left route:  
That is, understand me, as easy you might,  
He takes the route *left*, and he finds that 'tis *right*.  
Then "onward," he says to himself as he goes,  
"I must gain what I've lost, 'ere I take my repose.  
Hurry on, hurry on," (for brevity's sake  
Corrupted to Huron, with prefix of Lake.)‡

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\* Length, 350 miles; breadth, 160 miles; depth, 970 feet;  
elevation above the ocean, 630 feet.

† Length, 360 miles; breadth, 100 miles; depth, 900 feet;  
elevation, 600 feet.

‡ Length, 220 miles; breadth, 150 miles; depth, 300 feet;  
elevation, 580 feet.

"I cannot remain, though I'd like to, awhile,  
 I'm bound yet to travel full many a mile;  
 To whom thus engaged, I need not declare,  
 'Tis easy to guess—to one passingly fair.  
 Farewell to you, Georgian, Saginaw Bay,  
 I bid you good-bye in my off-handed way.  
 I'm hurried and worried, grown thin ev'ry where.—  
 I'll be with you, directly, my lovely St. Clair.  
 We'll have a nice time, then, though short it may be :  
 We'll spread ourselves hugely and look big, won't we ?  
 Then shine out bright jewel, of measureless cost,  
 Thou'rt a gem in this cluster, that must not be lost.  
 Thou'rt 'one of the many'—link'd here forever,  
 And perish the ingrate the bond would dis sever.  
 With all imperfections peculiar to birth,  
 That bond is the best that exists on this earth—  
 Forever and ever, oh ! let me feel true !  
 'Tis the grandest of thoughts, and a soul-stirring view—  
 Forever and ever this Union shall stand,  
 'TIS A CHAIN OF ROCK GRANITE, AND NO ROPE OF SAND !  
 Farewell to you, Clary, I'm off right away ;  
 I'm sorry to leave you, for I've much yet to say ;  
 Though probably 'ere this you're already weary  
 With what I have spoken, so here's for tall Erie."\*  
 Soon looms in the distance, this last mention'd name,  
 That's since been devoted to freedom and fame ;  
 And Perry and Elliott, patriots true,  
 The bravest of soldiers, and good captains, too ;  
 Your names shall not perish, in prose nor in rhyme,  
 Till Earth be a Chaos, and Space swallow Time.  
 "Oh ! hail to you, Erie, I'm glad to be here ;  
 I've had it tough working to find my way clear.  
 Those narrows and windings have made me look slim,  
 Especially Detroit, and others like him ;  
 But here, with your breezes so free and so fresh,  
 I hope to make up what I've lost in my flesh ;  
 So sweep away, Erie, I begin to feel stout ;  
 Sweep away broadly, let's have a 'blow out ;'  
 'Tis said by a number that when you don't 'flirt,'  
 You can blow a man readily out of his shirt !†

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\* Length, 250 miles ; breadth, 80 miles ; depth, 100 feet ; elevation, 550 feet.

† The storms that occur on Lake Erie are scarcely surpassed in fury by any occurring on the Atlantic. In 1840, at Buffalo the waves were dashed with such force against the breakwater protecting the lighthouse, as to destroy a large



Then sweep on, my Erie, just show what you are—  
 An orb that moves lightly, as well as fix'd star  
 Of this constellation, of course I must mean,  
 That forms a great nation of lakes, as here seen.  
 Then sweep on, my Erie, for I must soon leave ;  
 I cannot stay with you, howe'er much you grieve ;  
 Niagara's waiting, I can't disappoint ;  
 We've an object to favor, and one that is joint.  
 So, Erie, farewell ; I must make greater speed ;  
 Must exercise more, 'tis a thing that I need.  
 I'm grown rather fat ; am clumsy withal ;  
 I'll cut down my size, till I bound like a ball ;  
 I'll hop, and I'll skip, I'll jump, and I'll fly,  
 And think of you often, dear Erie,—good-bye !”  
 “ Romantic Niagara ! I see you appear ;  
 How gently you move and begin your career !  
 How calm is your surface ! how deep your repose !  
 How far from your bosom, are throbs and are throes !  
 Who e'er may behold you, must think as he gazes,  
 You're the mildest of beings, threading life's mazes.  
 I'm delighted to see you, but yet I must say,  
 If you don't move more quickly, I can't with you stay.  
 I've a mission on hand, which must be fulfill'd ;  
 'Tis one in my memory that's deeply instill'd.  
 Then come on, my Agie, you're a beautiful creature,  
 And obedience to age, in youth's a fine feature.”  
 Enough has been uttered, together they go ;  
 Agie's all fire, and no movement is slow ;  
 They fall and they rise, each other deporting,  
 Much faster than dolphins, in ocean, while sporting ;  
 They froth and they foam, but 'tis not with rage ;  
 They pitch and they tumble, like frantic non-age ;  
 And onward and onward, and headlong they dash,  
 And forward and downward, they shoot like a flash ;  
 And faster and faster, their bodies they drive ;  
 'T seems out of the question for them to survive ;

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portion of it, together with many warehouses ; while a considerable part of the lower end of the city was overflowed to the depth of many feet. In conversation with some of the citizens, they expressed the opinion to me, that a sailor who had circumnavigated the globe was a mere novice when he came to ship on Erie ; as much so as a land-lubber when going on board a whaler. The gales between Europe and America were, in their estimation, small affairs compared with what Erie can show, when fully aroused. It took a first-class typhoon of the China Sea, to move beside her, and even *that* was not always up to standard.

Till rushing and crushing, they come to the brink  
Of the roaring, wild Vathek, in which they must sink ;  
With a leap and a plunge, that seem to be bliss,  
They clear the rock-wall, and reach the abyss !

The shock is tremendous ; exhausted each lies ;  
But soon, like a Phoenix, together they rise ;  
Though faint are their voices, and weaken'd their cries,  
And silent their movements and blinded their eyes,  
Yet still they push forward, at no tardy pace,  
And objects surmountless, so fancied, displace.  
How gracefully onward, how noiseless they glide !  
How like two young Hunters\* together they ride !  
Their face is so placid—'tis Quiet's own daughter's—  
It looks as if oil had been poured upon waters.  
They are seemingly resting just after their leap,  
And hoarding their strength for another great sweep ;  
Yet not for one moment does onwardness cease,  
But ever and ever their speed they increase ;  
Till reaching a point where Discord has rule,  
They dash away wildly—*they're in the whirlpool* ;  
And round and about in grandest turmoil,  
They dance on in madness, in delirium boil.

But 'bove all the noise of this fierce revolution,  
Can be heard the clear voice, in glad retribution,  
Of the playful, aroused, and once taunted maid,  
“ Friend Lawrence, come on, and don't be afraid.”  
The reproof is too cutting for him not to feel,  
Though his senses were duller than ever was steel ;  
And thus stimulated and smitten alike,  
He makes a great effort and darts like a pike  
Clear out of the vortex, and carries along,  
The charming young trav'ler who 's made him so strong.

He's done what he can ; for a time he must rest ;  
Must take things more calmly, he thinks it is best ;  
So he says to gay Agie, “ I hope it will suit  
For a while to move slowly, and thus to recruit.  
I'm anxious to get on, but then, bless my stars !  
I'm maimed and I'm pounded and cover'd with scars ;  
Those common-siz'd rocks, or mighty big stones,  
*That hold up their heads*, are no friend to one's bones.  
And as I've a distance to travel on still,  
I trust what I mention, may meet your good will.”  
“ Oh, certainly, Lawrence, whenever you please,  
We'll move along slowly,—consult your own ease.

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\* Hunter, who performed at the Circuses, some thirty odd years ago, was perhaps one of the most graceful and daring riders that ever appeared in the world.

You've invited me onward, of course I will go  
 In the manner you wish me, be it fast, be it slow.  
 I 've look'd how you walked, I 've watched how you ran—  
*I'll stick by your side as long as I can.*  
 In all that you 've suffer'd, I must sympathize ;  
 You're a trustworthy man, and one that is wise :  
 'Tis true as you say, and as each one supposes,  
 Those rocks are a nuisance, *when they turn up their noses.*"

Thus far it is settled, and onward they pass  
 O'er the face that is mirror'd in clearest of glass.  
 They talk as they travel, to make it less weary,  
 Of Mich. and Superior, of Huron, and Erie ;  
 Till Agie, grown braver, with seeming great force,  
 Cuts short, without wincing, the thread of discourse:—  
 " Yes, yes, my friend Lawrence, it is even so,  
 I 've finished my journey, no further can go ;  
 Look out and beyond you, and there just in sight,  
 Behold the broad veil of Ontario the bright."\*  
 " Yes, Agie, I see her, she seems, to be fair ;  
 But Agie, sweet Agie, with you who 'll compare ?  
 For all that you 've done t' me, including your pranks,  
 Accept, noble Agie my full heart-felt thanks.  
 If thus you must leave me, oh ! Agie, the true,  
 Forever and ever, dear Agie, adieu !"

Their parting is dreadful ; but yet it must be ;  
 And Lawrence, the priz'd one, must onward stil flee ;  
 His life is much chequer'd, for now he is thin ;  
 He's lean and he's lank, just shap'd like a pin.  
 His head's the best point, though much over-wrought ;  
 His face is some wrinkled, with deep-seated thought.  
 This head is no "solid," (in technical phrase),  
 There's something inside, though rare of late days.  
 In other respects, you may think what you can ;  
 He's a glorious fellow, and big-hearted man.

Ontario receives him with much easy grace,  
 And in his esteem, strives hard for a place :  
 With arms well extended, she welcomes him in ;  
 Enquires if good health his companion has been ;  
 Does a thousand nice things with the utmost delight,  
 And judges quite wisely, what's wrong and what's right.  
 Itinerant Lawrence likes well what he's heard ;  
 But is so overcome, he can't utter a word ;  
 Not thus affected, with what has been said,  
 Like most speakers are, who 've a great empty head,

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\* Length, 180 miles ; breadth, 60 miles ; depth, 500 feet ;  
 elevation, 260 feet.

And a heart that's so full, 'tis all running over  
 With Buncombe and gammon, who more can discover?  
 (Not one of the chosen, who meekly submit  
 To all sinecure places, their friends may deem fit  
 They should be the occupants; who hold that they feel  
 They're yielding their int'rests for the great public weal;  
 With hand solemn-pointing, and deep-sounding voice,  
 Proclaim to the land that they hav'nt a choice;  
 But since the dear people, as with Richard the Third,  
 Have call'd them to power, they never preferr'd;  
 Since Fortune will buckle, like pedlars do packs,  
 Her most grievous burdens upon their meek backs,  
 They will not complain—will try to support it,  
 And if overtasked, will never report it.  
 They're great men for laws; go in for their letter,  
 And hang to one office, until they've a better.)  
 No; not thus affected, nor one of this class,  
 Is Lawrence; he wishes a few days to pass  
 In resting—he's quite overcome, near to his neighbor,  
 Not with emotion, but physical labor.

His health here improves, he grows again stout;  
 He lives pretty easy, and flourishes about.  
 Some time is thus spent, and advances are made,  
 Gently sweeping along, in a manner most staid.  
 And Lawrence, recover'd his spirits and strength,  
 Breaks out in a speech of no very great length:  
 "Majestic Ontario, how lovely when seen!  
 You move like a Hebe, you step like a queen;  
 It is quite refreshing to be by your side,  
 To see how you wave on, and mark how you glide;  
 Especially grateful to one who has been  
 In the midst of confusion and horrible din;  
 With Agie, the enchantress, doom'd on to whirl,  
 To dance in wild waltzes, oh L—d, what a girl!  
 With some one must *hurry*, in haste himself carry;  
 With others, 'tis pleasant for some time to *tarry*.  
 Thus making all names, in whatever places,  
 Agree in their import with what's on their faces."

Ontario listens with utmost attention,  
 To what he may hint, or what he may mention;  
 But she utters no word in answer thereto—  
 She's as stately as sergeant when in a review;  
 In the pride of her beauty, in pomp and in show,  
 Like pea-fowl she walks, nor looks once below.  
 She is not offended at words of this drift,  
 But thinks folks are queer; she's a little bit miff'd;

And wonders what pleasure some people can find,  
 In twisting round *one* way, then forced to unwind.  
 She has no objection to measured contortions,  
 But thinks *flings* and *waltzes* are horrid abortions.  
 Slowly and surely, and onward they press,  
 In what kind of humour, 'tis easy to guess :  
 Lawrence is silent, Ontario is cold ;  
 To make further overtures, neither 's so bold ;  
 And thus along jogging, they come to the line,  
 Within which the lady herself must confine ;  
 Without much ado, or their speech much adorning,  
 They shake hands in friendship, and wish a *good morning*.  
 Now Lawrence is clear of all odd obstructions ;  
 He 'll go with a rush for the greatest effluxions.  
 To be sure, he was anxious to move at his ease,  
 To walk as he 'd fancy, to ride as he 'd please ;  
 " But then, mild Ontario, like a sick porpoise,  
 Just mov'd as a house that 's drawn by a tortoise.  
 If she didn't like waltzing, without any joking,  
 She was very much pleas'd with new-fangled po(1)king."

At first he moves slow ; he 's not " in condition ;"  
 " He 's rather too fat," though " full of ambition ;"  
 He " goes to work" calmly ; puts himself " under training,"  
 And dashes on madly, his full speed maintaining.  
 If light be the track, and not at all stony,  
 He 'll beat badly Mac, and distance Tacony.  
 We often hear tell, when jockies speak naughty,  
 That horses will go in less than " two faughty ;"  
 But Lawrence when " moving," 'tis proved to be true,  
 Will go in the forty, without any two.\*

Away and away and away he passes ;  
 His speed is as great as the aggregate masses  
 Of things known as whirlwinds ; and without much bravado,  
 He equals, almost, the Spanish tornado.  
 But don't be mistaken by folly, the summit ;  
 He scorns to *walk Spanish!* like racer, he 'll *run* it.

And along the wild course, where naught has advanc'd,  
 He makes his own headway, as if full entranc'd,  
 Till he comes to the point where Ottawa sweeps in,  
 And then he rests briefly, or rather he sleeps in  
 The abnormal state his efforts have brought on ;  
 But before this is finished, or even is thought on,  
 He hails the great Ottawa, with, " welcome, my friend ;  
 I've been anxious a long while, and now *that* must end.

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\* Steamboats passing between Lake Ontario and Montreal,  
 travel at the rate of from 40 to 45 miles an hour.



I'm engaged, cousin Ott., for the balance of life,  
 To one who is worthy to be a saint's wife,  
 And I wish you as witness of this settled fact,  
 And if not unpleasant, as groomsman to act ;  
 So give me your hand, in assent as token,  
*To a union that must be forever unbroken."*

'Tis quickly accomplished ; as friends on they travel,  
 And slowly and quietly, life's ball unravel.  
 And soon they encounter, as thus they pass on,  
 Saguenay, the gallant, the son of Saint John.\*  
 They accost him with kindness, with pleasure invite  
 To join in the mission—extremes to unite.  
 Without scruple he answers, approves of the plan,  
 Himself calls in earnest, a *firm union man*.

Their race is but short now, for soon they must reach  
 The form of old ocean, his white-headed beach ;  
 So slow and majestic, together they stride,  
 Lawrence in centre, the groomsman beside.  
 And calmly they're waiting the coming of one,  
 Who has much to do 'ere her mission be done.  
 But let us return to the time when she left  
 St. Lawrence, in sadness ; but of hope, not bereft ;  
 And moving along and alone in the world,  
 With none to give counsel, to tell how are hurl'd,  
 Temptations and lurings upon the unfriended,  
 That few can resist, when with luxury blended.

She sends to her sister, the distant Miss Ouri,  
 A word in great haste, as if on a jury,  
 The sister was summon'd ; " that laying aside  
 All business whatever," to meet her inside  
 Of the four thousandth mile from the place of her birth,

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\* The Saguenay river rises in the Lake of St. John. Rivers do not usually rise in lakes ; and it is consequently a remarkable circumstance that the greatest rivers of the earth, have their origin in these bodies. The Amazon rises in Lake Reyes. (Kings' Lake) The Orinoco in Ipava Lake. The Mississippi, in Itasca Lake. The Yellow Stone, a principal branch of the Missouri, perhaps the true river, in Lake Sublettes. The St. Lawrence, in Lake Superior, or tracing it through the St. Louis river, in Seven Beaver Lake. The Volga, in Lake Sopki. The Yenisei, or Angara, as it is improperly called, in Lake Baikal. The Oby or Irtysh, in Zuizan Lake. The Hoang Ho, in a small lake north of Thibet. The Amoor in Koulon Lake ; and the Nile, when its source shall have been discovered, will probably be found to have its rise in a lake also.

And join in a voyage one-third round the earth.\*  
 The Maid of the Mountain, thus summoned from home,  
 Leaves her rocky upheavals, through valleys to roam,  
 And journeys on eastward and southwardly too,  
 To the point designated for them to renew  
 Their kindest of feelings, by mingling together,  
 And braving all hardships, and all kinds of weather.

Presumeless and noiseless and warm is their meeting ;  
 And cordial and fervent and hopeful their greeting.  
 In converse they travel, with hands close cemented,  
 And joy in a union to which they've consented.  
 But slowly and calmly they move. To the east,  
 The betroth'd one has sent, to say that at least  
 One bridesmaid from Old Alleghany must come ;  
 That the Chippeway Range has permitted that some  
 Of his high-bred, majestic and much gifted daughters,  
 Should join in the meeting, composed of great waters.

The call is soon answered ; forthwith there appears,  
 A beautiful damsel of quite tender years,  
 Sweeping on westward ; nor yet once e'en pausing,  
 To cast a look round ; for fear 'twould be causing  
 The company to wait ; like Chilian *rio*,  
 Unceasingly rushes the tireless Ohio.

Not far from their junction, the sisters she sees ;  
 They've turn'd more to eastward, and more at their ease ;  
 With the mildest of words, they give her their hands,  
 And count her a link in the earth's temper'd bands.

Now downward they hasten, sometimes with great force,  
 Striking islands that peer up, and alter their course  
 In some little measure ; but soon they regain,  
 Their mark'd out direction, and with firmness maintain  
 Their headway along ; yet examine with care,  
 Each branch that comes in, and thank for its share  
 Of the good it has done, in its course to their side,  
 Each one of the number, who to aid them has tried.

And in this relation, Arkansas we find,  
 And Red River also, who's not far behind ;  
 From the Parks and the Peaks, through deserts they break,  
 And press on unceasing, for their own and friends' sake.  
 In the dim distant future, their rich soil they see  
 Will nourish in comfort, the sons of the free ;

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\* The distance from the source of the Missouri, in the Rocky Mountains, to the junction of its waters with those of the St. Lawrence, is nearly eight thousand miles. The Missouri itself, has been navigated by steamboats 3120 miles

With the "native born" maize, or corn as 't we call,  
 That supports the most life, and is nutriment all ;\*  
 With the grain of the East, transplanted, indeed,  
 But yielding more largely than when Orient seed ;  
 With the cotton that clothes more bodies than aught,  
 That's found on the earth, so far as man's taught ;  
 With the sugar that enters in every sphere,  
 Of social existence, in sadness or cheer ;  
 With freedom of person, and freedom of toil ;  
 With freedom of ruling, and freedom of soil ;  
 With air that is pure, and a climate that's dry,  
 For less one might ask, for more who would sigh ?  
 If all these together, be not enough still,  
 Then perish ye mortals,—aye perish ye will.

In ages to come, when the trav'ler shall sweep  
 O'er the face of these waters, that now calmly sleep,  
 In joy he'll exclaim, in ecstasy shout,  
 As he breathes for his country, as his manhood swells out,—  
 For four thousand miles to the east, to the west,  
 Does this great Water-bird on whose body I rest,  
 Spread her graceful, her ample, her ne'er failing wing,  
 To shelter and nourish her myriad offspring.

Chief of all gardens ! Mightiest of Vallies !  
 Granary of earth ! Should man as he rallies  
 His hopes for his fellow, e'er pray for a boon  
 That forever must bless him, and later or soon  
 Be the home of scourged nations ; it must be for one  
 That's like unto this. Oh ! how quickly doth run,  
 The blood in its coursings, and rush on it must,  
 As he feels that this refuge is given in trust,  
 For the good of mankind, to a people made free,  
 Of which he is one, in the world's destiny.

In times less remote, the vast wheel of chance,  
 May cast out its offerings ; 't will be seen at a glance,  
 That the Gaul and the Frank united will claim,  
 A right to all places, their own Cartier's name  
 Has given them a title, thus to be bounded,  
 As instruments say,—on Norman talk founded :—(a)  
 "On the south by the" Chain, "on the east by the" Vine,(b)  
 That spreads out its branches, as if to entwine  
 One half of a Continent in its embrace,  
 And feed in its yieldings the whole human race.

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\* Indian corn contains nearly 100 per cent. of nutritious matter.



Immortal De Soto ; thy deep-hidden grave,  
 Must ever be wash'd by the unresting wave  
 Of the parent of waters ; and thou didst discover  
 That wide, winding sheet, which thy body must cover ;  
 Ah ! little thought'st thou, brave caballero,  
 Pioneer, warrior, undaunted hero,  
 When before thy clear vision its canopy spread,  
 Thou wouldst be the first to sleep in its bed.  
 With thy bones have since mingled in openless shrine,  
 The *manes* of thousands whose death was not thine.\*

The party have reached, where since was decided,  
 The question that goosedom so long has divided ;  
 That song of the swan in his last dying note ;  
 That *butt* at an object, so natural to goat ;  
 That "pitch into" subject that hacks write about,  
 And take it for granted, there can't be a doubt ;  
 That Superior Greatness of Anglo-Saxon,  
 Was scattered in the tempest by the scorned *Celtic Jackson*.  
 Go on with this "cant," from John Horne Tooke, down  
 To ev'ry snob scribbler, aye, even to Brown ;  
 But remember, ye boasters, while thus ye revile  
 Ev'ry one who comes not from your oft-conquer'd isle, (c)  
 That one of the greatest, the firmest of men,  
 The bravest of Chieftains, who thresh'd you again ;†  
 The truest of Agents, no art could mislead  
 To act a bad part or neglect a good deed—  
 Of his own "country's glory, the measure could fill,"  
 And hold to his purpose with true iron will,  
 Who ne'er for himself, but his country e'er felt—  
 This man of the people—*was the son of a Celt!*

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

There's a "lord of creation"—of course all his own ;  
 There's a great sympathizer, with heart like a stone ;  
 There's a "master of seas," who sees far away  
 Oppression too dire for endurance a day,  
 But who never can find in his own neighborhood,  
 The slightest existence of aught that's not good.(d)

\* The loss of life on the Mississippi, by violent means, has probably been greater than that on any other river, with the exception perhaps, of the Nile.

† Some years ago, the Jackson party were called *whole hog* men ; and Jackson himself had the credit of being the *first whole hog* man in the nation. Why it was that the General was thus honored, I am unable to tell, unless it were because he was *death on Packer (ing) ham*.

This nice, modest man, this quiet John Bull,  
 Like a bear at the hive of the bees must hard pull,  
 Till o'er "Beauty and Booty" he'll trample outright;  
 Till he'll seem to all gazers a lion at sight.  
 To boasting, at home he was never addicted;  
 He ne'er spoke a word unless truth were depicted:—  
 Could teach his good cousin, the gay Jean Crapaud,  
 To spin round an hour on each big toe;  
 And giving a skip o'er the dwarf Pyrenees,  
 He'd "lecture" the señors thus wise, at his ease:

"Ye mongrels of ages that long since have passed;  
 Ye shoots of old Carthage, that northward were cast;  
 Ye Romans, ye Vandals or vagabond poor;  
 Ye wild Visigoth, ye tame and learn'd Moor;  
 Ye essence of all; ye Saxons, in fine,  
 Two centuries back of the present weak line  
 That holds on to power;—in an age that was dark  
 Ye came into being. The wide spreading spark  
 Of modern effulgence was scarcely yet kindled,  
 And the men of that day to nothing have dwindled  
 When compared with the heroes of this. I own  
 I call ye the Saxons in self-praise alone.(e)

Ye bloody flagg'd *bullies* that tramp round an ox,  
 Like chips of ring-"science" preparing for knocks;  
 Ye stick when ye can, though *at nothing stick long*;  
 If ye can't stick a *torre*, ye'll *stick in a throng*. (f)  
 Ye are anxious to fight! eh? I'll give ye a taste;  
 Come up to time, or I'll knock ye from baste.  
 Hold up your rag, there, ye hairy rag-pickers!  
 You stick a bull! boo! ye are mere *bill-stickers*!  
 'Upon your dominions the sun never sets,'(g)  
 But rises and rises till to zenith he gets,  
 And then he sweeps round, being always in view,  
 Till he finds the first point—then commences anew!

Ye thus make a story that sounds very well;  
 But a different sort of a truth I must tell:  
 'On your lands no sun sets;' on all mine he ne'er rises;  
 For take them together, no myriad comprises  
 The half or their number; while some are so distant  
 His rays never reach them. For an orb as assistant  
 In casting more light, I'd thought of applying,  
 And had matters ready, when, old Newton dying,  
 The thing was abandon'd, at least till some *Sol*  
 Of the system called Astral, shall near to us roll!"

Sir Oracle's done ; with a strut and a swell  
 He bids Don Rodrigo a patron's farewell ;  
 And making right straight 'cross the ancients' mid-earth,  
 He comes to the land where the Cæsars had birth ;  
 Here spreading his figure, and spitting forthwith,  
 He utters grand sayings of which here's the pith :

" Ye sons of the South that's always so sunny ;  
 Ye bandits who claim one's life or his money,  
 Ye grinders or winders, or roving rascallions,  
*Organizers* and artists, or squalling Italians,  
 Are poor in your line ; I'll do things much better ;  
 Discard your solfege, and sing all by letter ;  
 Your *sol* and your *la*, your *si do re mi*,  
 Must be changed to G A, B C D E ;  
 While *fa* must be F, for so I have wrote,  
 Each sign must be changed to the name of a note." (*h*)  
 Though John's tongue is harsh (but strong and expressive.)  
 Though complex his vowels, (*i*) his consonants excessive, (*j*)  
 He "counts on" his singing and vocal effusions,  
 And wonders how long there can be delusions  
 In matters so plain, though requiring some *wind*,  
 Or puffing and blowing, as felt with Miss Lind.  
 Though a nation of keepers, of trade-driving shops,  
 In attention to which he never once stops,  
 Yet he makes it appear on his day-book and journal,  
 He could play the old gent. from the regions infernal.  
 As he sticks round his counter, like flesh round a joint,  
 Of course he's a master of true *counter-point*.

That Austrian jackal that steals what it can,  
 Without courage to conquer or forethought to plan ;  
 That scourge of the Hun and brave Lombard nation,  
 He 'll 'pass in its acts of force-annexation. (*k*)  
 Grim Russians he'll teach, in omniscient talk,  
 To slide down ice-hills at a moderate walk !  
 And reaching great Fred. from much greater Peter,  
 He 'll show rigid Fritz, in very short metre,  
 How men should be drill'd, prepared for alarms,  
 And taught to sleep soundly on top of stack'd arms !  
 " Old Schnapps," he will say to jolly Mynheer,  
 " You're a worn-out beer-barrel, I'm a barrel of beer."  
 Then swimming two seas, (of feats he's done greater,)  
 He 'll show the green Murphys he's no *common-tatur* (*tor* ;)  
 Hand hopenink 'is hyes hon han 'eap hof hold Paddies,  
 He 'll prove in " rich brogue" he is all of their daddies. (*l*)  
 Here strolling around through this still-house of blarney,  
 With a gulp he'll dry up those goose ponds Killarney.  
 Turning north towards the ocean, he 'll earnestly say,  
 He is going to cross on the Giant's Causeway.

Should a storm then arise, "to flinders" he'll knock it,  
 And give it "great shakes" with a Congreve rocket; <sup>(m)</sup>  
 A whirlwind he'll stop with a Chinaman's fan,  
 And bale out th' Atlantic with a common tin-pan!  
 Arrived on your shore, he'll take a look round,  
 To see what on earth in such country is found!  
 Nothing, he fancies, save gawky, big trees,  
 Too lazy to move with any known breeze,  
 Kept standing in rows, he's made up his mind,  
 On purpose that Yankees may shoot from behind. <sup>(n)</sup>  
 The best of your thunder he'll barrel to send,  
 For theatrical use, to an intimate friend.  
 Your cataract he'll clear, on a bit of a raft,  
 And swallow your lakes at a single good draught.  
 Your prairies he'll leap as a bundle of straw,  
 And find himself landed in Mormon Utah. <sup>(o)</sup>  
 The Equator now flatten with the Northern Pole,  
 And in a torpedo all Christendom roll;  
 The Andes then sink to the Dead Sea's level,\*  
 And touch off the globe in a fizzing spit-devil.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Gulf now appears, with its face not of dough;†  
 Its swel(l)tering air, and "Know Nothing" of snow;  
 Its violent tempests; its absence of tides;  
 Its seasons of sickness, to those at its sides.  
 'Tis a vast throbbing heart of a gigantic ocean, <sup>(p)</sup>  
 That's giving out life by its unceasing motion.

Arrived at this point, Miss Issippi enquires,  
 "Is there aught we can do, (if it meet your desires,)"

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\* Thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean Sea.

† I have never been able to see the force or appropriateness of the term, "dough faces." When John Randolph first made use of it, he probably meant *deux faces*; that is, Congressmen with *two* faces: one for their constituents, and another when they met the southern members in the House of Representatives. But, as the speech of Mr. Randolph was heard by some reporters who didn't understand French, they spelled the word as he pronounced it, and the senseless thing has been a pet ever since. I can understand very well how an individual may be a dough-man; that is, one who looks as if he had been rolled into a column, placed upon his base, and then stricken violently upon his apex. Gen. Z. T. was a man of this appearance. But a *dough* face, has not even the meaning of a *wry*(e) face.

Of any known good? To this vast heated sea,  
 We've brought our cool waters. Then why cannot we,  
 Take directly herefrom to much colder parts,  
 These oft boiling floods, and with stout willing hearts,  
 Endeavor to temper the frigid condition  
 Of regions of ice, in unfavor'd position?  
 Ah! fortunate thought; and then my dear friends,  
 I've promised fond Lawrence, as his course this way tends,  
 To meet him once more. So come on, dear sisters,  
 Priz'd friends, and good neighbors; with northern misters,  
 I wish you at once to be fully acquainted."

Miss Ouri replies: "for the picture you've painted  
 Of how things may be, many thanks please accept;  
 Though in matters like this, I am no adept,  
 I can easily foresee, we'll form round this land,  
*A girdle of int'rests as strong as 'tis grand.*  
 And, as to your offered much closer connection,  
 You may rest quite assured, we'll have no objection.  
 But, how is this, sister, old forms are so altered,  
 And people so chang'd, who ne'er before faltered:—  
 'Tis not canonic for true saints to marry."  
 "But every girl does not meet with a Larry."  
 "That's certainly true, and I hope only this—  
 That every Larry may meet with a Miss.  
 But excuse me, dear sister, I'm given to prating."  
 "Let's hurry, then Ouri—*Lawrence will be waiting.*"

Onward they go, in the course most direct,  
 And clear the Tortugas, where many are wreck'd.  
 The Florida Reef with its numerous isles,  
 Is passed very soon in the gayest of styles;  
 Then Canaveral, with its shore full of canes,  
 Its ever green back-ground, where solitude reigns,  
 Disappears to the south; while Cape Fear is nigh,  
 Is quickly approached, and unheeded swept by;  
 Then Look Out appears; but scarce is it seen,  
 Ere it vanishes wholly, as if right between  
 Two hills it had sunken. Still onward they wind;  
 Hatteras peers out, but is soon left behind.  
 In the wake is Nantucket. On still they fly fast,  
 As if e'en forever. Sable Island is pass'd;  
 Three thousand odd miles are swimmingly made,  
 And not from the true line has any one strayed;  
 When, ho! to the leeward, but all in their might,  
 St. Lawrence and comp'ny heave fully in sight.  
 The long separated are quickly united,  
 And a troth is redeem'd that early was plighted.

Then like the first circles, for grim fashion's sake,  
A voyage to Europe, the party must take.

The marriage of ancestors thus taking place,  
It is a misnomer, as seen on its face,  
The Father of Rivers, Miss Issippi to call ;  
**S**he's the Mother of Streams, and the Parent of all  
Born in the Great Valley ; while the Fountain of Torrents,  
The Fathers of Waters, is the mighty St. Lawrence.



## A P P E N D I X .

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### NOTES.

(a) "*As instruments say,—on Norman talk founded.*"

"Norman commissioners went over the whole extent of country in which the army had left garrisons ; they took an exact inventory of property of every kind, public and private ; for the Norman nation, even in those remote times, (1066) was extremely fond of deeds, and documents, and law forms." —*Thierry History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.* Vol. 1, p. 190.

(b) "*On the south by the chain, on the east by the vine.*"

One hundred years ago, France claimed and possessed the immense region north of the St. Lawrence, stretching from ocean to ocean. And about sixty years ago, a great portion of that vast area west of the Mississippi, was also hers. In 1802, Bonaparte, having no hope of regaining Egypt, was anxious to have colonial possessions in America. He therefore gave Etruria to Spain, for Louisiana ; and offered to give the Duchy of Parma for Florida. But the treaty of peace between England and France having been broken by the refusal of the English to evacuate Malta, and hostilities about to commence, he needed funds to carry on the war. Accordingly, he sold Louisiana in 1803, with all its buried treasures, its mountains of wealth, and its almost countless acres of fertile soil, to (it is scarcely necessary to say, because so well known) that great artisan of freedom, President Jefferson, for the paltry (comparatively) sum of eighty millions of francs. The balance of the territory west of the Mississippi, was purchased and acquired during the administrations of John Tyler and James K. Polk, to both of whom posterity will some day award the justice due to them.

(c) "*Ev'ry one who comes not from your oft-conquer'd isle.*"

In the last conquest, no country in Christendom, and scarcely excepting Mexico in Pagandom, was ever more thoroughly subdued than was England, by the Normans. In confirmation of this declaration, I will quote at some length from the able and here scarcely known work of one of the most learned and talented men of this age, *Augustin Thierry*. "Upon both banks of the Humber, the cavalry of the foreign king, his counts, his bailiffs, could for the future freely travel on the roads and through the towns. Famine, the faithful companion of conquest, followed their steps; in the year 1067, it had already desolated the counties which had been invaded; in 1070, it extended over all England, manifesting itself in its utmost horrors in the newly conquered districts. The inhabitants of Yorkshire and of the territory further north, after feeding on the flesh of the dead horses left by the Norman army on their way, ate human flesh. More than an hundred thousand persons, of all ages, perished of famine in this district. 'It was a frightful spectacle,' says an old annalist, 'to behold, in the roads and streets, at the doors of houses, human bodies devoured by the worms, for none remained to scatter a little earth over them, all being destroyed by famine or the sword.' This distress was felt only by the natives; the foreign soldier lived in plenty; for him, in the heart of his fortresses, there were vast stores of provisions, and more was sent him from abroad, in return for the gold wrung from the English. Moreover, famine aided him entirely to quell the conquered; often, for the remains of the repast of a groom in the Norman army, the Saxon, once illustrious among his countrymen, in order to sustain his miserable life, came to sell himself and his whole family to perpetual slavery. The act of sale was registered upon the blank page of some missal, [mass-book] where may still be found, half effaced, and serving as a theme for the sagacity of the antiquaries, these monuments of the wretchedness of a by-gone period.

"The territory on both sides of the Humber, devastated as it lay, was petitioned out among the conquerors with the same order which had regulated the divisions of the southern counties. Several allotments were drawn out of the houses, or rather the ruins of York; for, in the two sieges which this city had suffered, it was so devastated that several centuries afterwards, the foundations of the ancient suburbs were still seen in the open country, more than a mile distant. King William appropriated the greater number of the houses which remained standing; the Norman chiefs shared the rest, with the churches, shops, and even the butchers' stalls, which they then let out. William de Warrene had twenty-eight



villages in Yorkshire alone, and William de Percy more than eighty manors. Most of these domains, in the list drawn up fifteen years after, had for their description these simple words: *waste land*. A property which, in the time of King Edward, (ten years before) had produced sixty pounds rent, produced less than five in the hands of its foreign possessor; and upon a domain in which two Englishmen of rank had lived at their ease, there were found after the conquest, only two wretched serfs, scarce able to render their Norman lord, a tenth of the revenue of the ancient free cultivators."—*Thierry's Norman Conquest*, Vol. 1, pp. 226, 227.

"The whole country of the Anglo-Saxons was conquered, from the Tweed to Cape Cornwall, from the English Channel to the Severn; and the conquered population was overrun in every direction by the army of the conquerors. There were no longer any free provinces, no longer masses of men in military organization; there were only a few scattered remains of the defeated armies and garrisons, soldiers who had no chiefs, chiefs without followers. War was now continued against them in the form of individual persecution; the most prominent were tried and condemned with some show of form; the remainder were handed over to the discretion of the foreign soldiers, who made them serfs on their domains, or massacred them, with circumstances which an ancient historian declines to detail, as incredible and monstrous to relate. Those who retained any means of emigration, proceeded to the ports of Wales or Scotland, and embarked thence, as the old annals express it, to carry their grief and misery through foreign lands. Denmark, Norway, and the countries where the Teutonic language was spoken, were generally the goal of these emigrations; but English fugitives were also seen journeying to the south, and soliciting an asylum among nations of an entirely different language."—*Vol. 1, p. 239.*

"The men had to undergo indigence and servitude; the women, insult and outrage, more cruel than death itself. Those who were not taken *par marriage*, were taken *par amours*, as it was termed in the language of the conquerors, and became the playthings of the foreign soldiers, the least and lowest of whom was lord and master in the house of the conquered. These licentious knaves were amazed at themselves; they went mad with pride and astonishment at beholding themselves so powerful; at having servants richer than their own fathers had ever been. Whatever they willed, they deemed it fully permissible to do; they shed blood at random, tore the bread from the mouths of the wretched people, and took everything—money, goods, land.'—*Vol. 1, p. 193.*

"Men who had crossed the sea in the quilted frocks and with the dark wooden bow of foot soldiers, appeared upon war-horses and girded with the knightly baldric, to the eyes of the new recruits who crossed the sea after them. He who had come over a poor knight, soon had his own banner and his company of men-at-arms, whose rallying cry was his name. The drovers of Normandy and weavers of Flanders, with a little courage and good fortune, soon became in England great men, illustrious barons; and their names, base or obscure on one side of the Channel, were noble and glorious on the other."—*Vol. 1, p. 197.*

"The mere valet of the Norman man-at-arms, his groom, his lance-bearer, became gentlemen on the soil of England; they were all at once nobles by the side of the Saxon, once rich and noble himself, but now bending beneath the sword of the foreigner—driven from the home of his ancestors, having no where to lay his head. This natural and general nobility of all the conquerors at large, increased in proportion to the personal authority, or importance of individuals. After the nobility of the Norman king, came that of the provincial governor, who assumed the title of count or earl; after the nobility of the count, came that of his lieutenant, called *vice-count*, or *viscount*; and then that of the warriors, according to their grade, *barons*, *chevaliers*, *ecuyers*, or *sergents*, not equally noble, but all nobles by right of their common victory and their foreign birth."—*Vol. 1, p. 198.*

"Whilst this display was made on one side the Channel, on the other, the insolence of the conquerors was deeply felt by the conquered. The chiefs who governed the subjected provinces, outvied each other in oppressing the natives, the people of rank equally with the commons, by exactions, tyranny, and outrage. Bishop Eudes and Fitz-Osbern, inflated with their new power, scorned the complaints of the oppressed people, and refused all remedy; if their soldiers pillaged the houses or violated the wives of the English, they applauded them, and punished the unfortunate sufferers who dared to complain."—*Vol. 1, p. 200.*

"The country was kept in a state of perpetual terror. To the danger of perishing by the sword of the foreigner, who thought himself a demi-god among brutes, who understood neither prayer nor explanation, nor excuse proffered him in the tongue of the conquered, was added that of being regarded as a traitor or a luke-warm patriot by the free Saxons, [outlaws] frantic with despair as the Normans were with pride. Thus no man dared to walk alone, even on his own grounds around his own house; the abode of every Englishman who had sworn peace and given hostages to the conqueror, was closed and fortified like a town in a state of

siege. It was filled with weapons of every description, bows and arrows, axes, maces, poniards, and iron forks; the doors were furnished with bolts and bars. When the hour of rest arrived, at the moment of closing up everything, the head of the family rose and repeated aloud the prayers which were said at sea on the approach of a storm; he concluded thus: 'The Lord bless us and help us;' and all present answered *Amen*. This custom subsisted in England for more than two centuries after the conquest."—*Vol. 1, p. 242.*

"Ivo Taille-Bois settled in this place; (Spalding,) he became for the farmers of the ancient domain what, in the Saxon language, was called the *hlaford*, and, by contraction, the *lord* of the land. This name ordinarily signified loaf-giver, distributor of bread, and in old England designated the head of a large house, him whose table fed many men. But other ideas—ideas of dominion and servitude—were substituted for this honorable signification, when the men of the conquest received from the natives the title of *lords*. The foreign *lord* was a master; the inhabitants of the domain trembled in his presence, and approached with terror his manor, or *hall*, as the Saxons called it; an abode once hospitable, whose door was ever open, whose fire ever lit; but now fortified, walled, embattled, garrisoned with men-at-arms and soldiers, at once a citadel for the master and a prison for the neighborhood."—*Vol. 1, p. 261.*

"Some of the dispossessed Saxons ventured to present themselves before the commissioners of inquiry to set forth their claims; many of these are registered, couched in terms of humble supplication that no Norman employed. These men declared themselves poor and miserable; they appealed to the clemency and compassion of the king. Those who, by the most abject servility, succeeded in preserving some slight portion of their paternal inheritance, were obliged to pay for this favor with degrading or fantastic services, or received it under the no less humiliating title of alms. Sons are inscribed in the roll as holding the property of their fathers *by alms*. Free women retain their field as *alms*. One woman preserves her husband's lands on condition of feeding the king's dogs. A mother and her son receive their own property, *in gift*, on condition of each day saying prayers for the soul of Richard, the King's son."—*Vol. 1, p. 307.*

"William ordered," says a contemporary chronicle, "that whoever should kill a stag or a hind, should have his eyes picked out; the protection given to stags, extended also to wild boars; and he even made statutes to secure hares from all danger. These laws vigorously enforced against the Saxons, greatly increased their misery, for many of them had no means of subsistence but the chase. The poor murmured, adds the chronicle, but he made no account for their ill-will,

and they were fain to obey under pain of death."—*Vol. 1, p. 308.*

"Travellers of the fourteenth century, express their astonishment at the multitude of serfs they saw in England, and at the extreme hardness of their condition in that country, compared with what it was on the continent, and even in France. The word *bondage* conveyed, at this period, the last degree of social misery; yet this word, to which the conquest had communicated such a meaning, was merely a simple derivation from the Anglo-Danish *bond*, which, before the invasion of the Normans, signified a free cultivator and father of a family living in the country; and it is in this sense that it was joined with the Saxon word *hus*, to indicate the head of a house, *husbond*, or *husband*, in modern English orthography.

"Towards the year 1381, all those in England who were called *bonds*, that is to say, all the cultivators were serfs of body and goods, obliged to pay heavy aids for the small portion of land which supported their family, and unable to quit this portion of land without the consent of the lords, whose tillage, gardening, and cartage of every kind, they were compelled to perform gratuitously. The lord might sell them with their house, their oxen, their tools, their children and their posterity, as is thus expressed in the deeds: 'Know that I have sold such a one, my *naif*, (*nativum meum*,) and all his progeny, born or to be born.' Resentment of the misery caused by the oppression of the noble families, combined with an almost entire oblivion of the events which had elevated these families, whose members no longer distinguished themselves by the name of Normans, but by the term gentlemen, had led the peasants of England to contemplate the idea of the injustice of servitude in itself, independently of its historical origin."—*Vol. 2, p. 369.*

"Fresh bands of Brabançon soldiers, hired by one or the other of the two rival parties, (King Stephen and Queen Matilda,) came with arms and baggage by different ports and various roads, to the rendezvous respectively assigned by the King and by Matilda, each side promising them the lands of the opposite faction as pay. To meet the expenses of this civil war, the Anglo-Normans sold their domains, their villages and their towns, in England, with their inhabitants, body and goods. Many made incursions upon the domains of their adversaries, and carried off horses, oxen, sheep, and the men of English race, who were seized even in towns, and taken away, bound back to back."—*Vol. 2, p. 22.*

"'Every rich man,' says the Saxon chronicle, 'built castles and defended them against all, and they filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people,



by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished, they filled them with evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some up by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by their thumbs, or by the head, and they hung burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string about their heads, and writhed it till it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons wherein were adders, and snakes, and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house, that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and not deep; and they put sharp stones in it, and crushed the man therein, so that they broke all his limbs.

“Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved with hunger; some lived on alms, who had been ere while rich; some fled the country; never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbotts, nor of priests, but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbor as much as he might. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The earth bare no corn; you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was openly said that Christ and his saints slept.’

“The greatest terror prevailed in the environs of Bristol, where the *empress* Matilda and her Angevins had established their head-quarters. All day long, men were brought into the city, bound and gagged with a piece of wood or iron bit. Troops of disguised soldiers were constantly leaving the castle, who, concealing their arms and language, attired in the English habit, spread through the town and neighborhood, mingling with the crowd in the markets and streets, and there, suddenly seizing those whose appearance denoted easy circumstances, carried them off to their quarters and put them to ransom.”—*Vol. 2, pp. 23, 24.*

“If, retracing in his own mind, the facts he has read, the reader would form to himself a just idea of what was the England conquered by William of Normandy, he must represent to himself, not a mere change of government, nor the triumph of one competitor over another, but the intrusion of a whole people into the bosom of another people, broken up

by the former, and the scattered fragments of which were only admitted into the new social order as personal property, as *clothing of the earth*, to speak the language of the ancient acts. We must not place on one side, William, king and despot, and on the other, subjects high or low, rich or poor, all inhabitants of England, and consequently all English; we must imagine two nations, the English by origin and the English by invasion, divided on the surface of the same country; or rather imagine two countries in a far different condition: the land of the Normans, rich and free from taxes, that of the Saxons, poor, dependent, and oppressed with burdens; the first adorned with vast mansions, with walled and embattled castles; the second, sprinkled with thatched cabins or half-ruined huts; that peopled with happy, idle people, warriors and courtiers, nobles and knights; this inhabited by men of toil and sorrow, farm laborers and mechanics; on the one side, luxury and insolence; upon the other, misery and envy, not the envy of the poor at sight of the riches of others, but the envy of the despoiled in the presence of their spoilers.

"Lastly, to complete the picture, these two countries in a manner are entwined one in the other; they touch each other at every point, and yet they are more distant than if the sea rolled between them. Each has its separate idiom, an idiom foreign to the other; the French is the language of the court, of the castles, of the rich abbeys, of all places where power and luxury reign; the ancient language of the land is confined to the hearth of the poor, of the serf. Long, from generation to generation, did these two idioms continue to subsist without mixing with each other, remaining the one the token of nobility, the other the token of base estate.—*Vol. 1, p. 324.*

(d) "*Who never can find in his own neighborhood,  
The slightest existence of aught that's not good.*"

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that human nature, all over the world, can always see great misery and oppression at a distance, but never any at home. Thus the inhabitant of the New England States sees the wrong and suffering of the down-trodden in the Gulf States, standing forth in the most revolting shape; while he by whom the evil is surrounded, perceives none of its deformities, sees no sin in its continuance. The inhabitant of Texas and Louisiana cries aloud in horror at the degraded and enslaved condition of the operatives of the factories of Maine and Massachusetts; while he who dwells in the midst of the system of oppression, sees no wrong in its workings, no misfortune in its results. The benevolent feelings of the ladies of England are excited to the

highest pitch, by the deplorable sufferings of the poor black slaves of America; and meetings, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, and seconded by other eminent shoots of the nobility, are held to express sympathy, and extend aid toward the wretched, wronged, and brutally-treated blacks; while within a very diminished circle of their own palaces, exists a degree of mental woe and physical want wholly unequalled by any felt by those on whom all their pity is centred. The citizens of the United States have their sympathies aroused, by the wrongs of the Irish nation in the union with England; and associations are formed and funds collected by them to have this union repealed; while the subjects of an adjoining isle, living under the same government with the aggrieved, direct witnesses of the operations of the contrivance, perceive none of its mischiefs. The Christian people of America, send missionaries and large amounts of money to convert and benefit the heathen, in the far interior of their own country, in the middle of Asia, in the west, and south and centre of Africa, and in various parts of the islands of the Pacific; and yet, just around the corners of their own dwellings, may be found degradation, want, and irreligion, surpassing any in heathendom.

(e) "*I call ye the Saxons in self-praise alone.*"

Somebody, in great liberality of feeling, has recently called the Spaniards "the Anglo-Saxons of the sixteenth century." This name, however, was probably given, more to reflect the glory of that period on the Saxons of the present time, than to do honor to the then chief nation of the civilized world. In some respects, Britain and Spain are not unlike. Both have been frequently overrun, and in part conquered. Both have found their salvation in their mountains, while their plains and lowlands were lost beyond the hope of recovery. Both are made up of the vanquisher and the vanquished—the fragments of nations blended together; their very bit-like composition being the chief cause of their great strength. In our own skulls, the greatest tenacity results from the combining of many bones in one. In language, the principle of *one from many* prevails, and the English having been made up of almost all, (like our own body, from all animals beneath it,) is, consequently, in its etymology and in its syntax, superior to any other. In mechanics, when numerous pieces of iron are riveted together at their edges, greater strength is secured than when one plate only is used. So in nations, when many are welded together, the bepatched whole is firmer and stronger than the unpieced one. But all the pieces must be of good quality. It will not do to use inferior

metal; for should it be, the whole body will be degraded. A mixing of superior branches of the same race, will produce an improved offspring; but a union of superior and inferior races, will beget a degenerate succession. This is exemplified in numerous cases, and in none more than in that of the Spanish nation. While the various branches of the Caucasian race commingled, their offspring improved; but when these same branches mixed with the Indian race, as in South America and Mexico, degeneracy followed. And when the law of progression was further violated in the admixture of the white race and the black, a greater decline in the scale of humanity succeeded; and nature, as if determined that this decline should not continue without limit, interposed, and offered up a hybrid to her violated laws. No people knew this better than did the Spaniards; for when this retrograded mass of flesh was ushered into being, they stamped it with the title of *mulato*. These are the *mules* of human kind, that cease to breed in a few generations, if not renewed by vivification from either the white or the black race.

(f) "*If ye can't stick a torre, ye'll stick in a throng.*"

A short time since, a party of Spaniards went into a low tavern in New York city, and while the male and female inmates thereof were enjoying themselves in dancing, commenced an indiscriminate cutting and stabbing with knives, from which amusement they did not desist until they had wounded and killed some five or six persons.

(g) "*Upon your dominions the sun never sets.*"

This phrase, though it is now an English boast, was originally applied to the King (then Emperor) of Spain, whose possessions in all quarters of the globe gave it force and propriety. Under Charles V., Spain was the mightiest power of Christendom. And so early as 1639, a British author (Burton) makes use of the quotation as one long in common use in England.

(h) "*Each sign must be changed to the name of a note.*"

Perhaps in nothing do the English render themselves more ridiculous than in their pretensions to a superior knowledge in music. They certainly know less of this than of any other of the fine arts. They have never produced a composer of any eminence whatever. And yet they pompously put forth treatise after treatise, in which they pretend to explain the whole science, and even to instruct nations with whom it has been a life-study for ages.



(i) "*Though complex his vowels.*"

The nations of Southern Europe have no *i* and no *u* as we pronounce them, and for the best reason in the world—these are not simple sounds, but compound ones, and consequently no vowels. Our *i* is compounded of their *a* (ah) and *i* (ee); and our *u* of their *i* (ee) and *u* (oo); while our *w* is formed by putting the word "double" before their *i* and *u*; and our *y* by combining their *u a i* in one.

(j) "*His consonants excessive.*"

This refers particularly to words that have a northern origin; such as *through, bough, rough, drought, draught, naught, mouth, knight, which*, and the like.

(k) "*H'll pass in its acts of force-annexation.*"

True, as the millions of India, crushed in peace and slaughtered in war, can amply testify.

(l) "*He'll prove in rich brogue he is all of their daddies.*"

"The rich Irish brogue and sweet German accent."—*Hasty plate of soup.*

(m) "*And give it 'great shakes' with a Congreve rocket.*"

"The commanders of the British army, when before New Orleans, seem to have thought that it was necessary only to send up a few rockets of a kind unknown to the invaded nation, to secure to them the city. Their divisions accordingly advanced, with the utmost confidence, under a discharge of these engines of terror, and were not a little surprised to find the Americans standing firm, and even cheering at their near approach."—*Eaton's Life of Jackson.*

(n) "*On purpose that Yankees may shoot from behind.*"

It is the general opinion that a great many cotton bales were used in the erection of the fortifications for the defence of New Orleans; yet I have heard Major Devezac, aid-de-camp to General Jackson at that great battle, a brave soldier, a scholar, and a man of veracity, frequently declare, in the most emphatic manner, "that there was not a single bale there."

(o) "*And find himself landed in Mormon Utah.*"

The proportion of English amongst the Mormons is said to be more than three to one of any other nation, and more than two to one of all others combined.

(p) "*'Tis a vast throbbing heart of a gigantic ocean.*"

Whoever will examine carefully the map of North America will be struck with the remarkable resemblance which the Caribbean Sea and Gulf of Mexico bear to the human heart : The Caribbean Sea (with a little transposition) appears as the right auricle and right ventricle ; and the Gulf as the left auricle and left ventricle. The right auricle, that is, the portion east of Jamaica, and south of Hayti and Dominica, contracts (let us suppose) and drives its waters into the right ventricle, (the portion south of Cuba, and east of Yucatan and Guatamala), which again contracts and drives its waters through the strait (the pulmonary artery) between Cuba and Yucatan, to the mouth of the Mississippi and Rio Grande, which, like the air in the lungs, renew and vitalize it. Thence it is driven into the left ventricle, which, in its turn, drives it into the aorta, (the Gulf Stream,) whence it is ramified through the various channels of the ocean's system, passing north along the eastern coast of the United States to the British possessions, where it turns to the east and south, and crosses to the western coast of Europe. Thence it takes a south-westerly course, passes on by the Azores and Canary Islands to the Cape de Verdes ; at which latter point it turns west, and after passing in this direction for some distance, again enters the Caribbean Sea.





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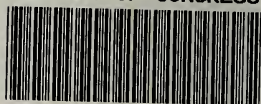
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